

Tuesday 19 June 1945
Hq 14th AA Command
APO 322, Frisco.

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Bunny Darling;

Alas! No mail today. I did get another one of the Pocket Books you sent me while I was at the depot. It was the book of short stories and it is one which I have not as yet read. The thing was mailed November 20th and I just got it. That means that there is hope for the others which have not yet come.

I plan on going to the show tonight even though the picture is one which I am sure I shall not like. From what I gathered about it, I should say that although I shall not like it, it will probably be bearable. It is FRISCO SAL, so you can judge for yourself what type picture it is. I feel a great need for something to break the monotony around here. I am beginning to feel rather restless again as I do every once in a while. I figure that a movie will take my mind off things for a while at least. Won't you join me Darling? I would love to have you here. Of course I couldn't offer you much by way of entertainment except the movie and a glass of Kowalchuk's beer—yes, he was able to buy it after all. Then too I am afraid that the only place for you to sleep would be on my very narrow cot. I am sure that it would be quite sufficient unto our needs though. If you would care to try it, I shall be ready to go to the show at 8:30, the show will last until about 8:30, and then to the tent and to bed. How big is that cherrywood bed you have your heart set on Honey? I like a rather large bed but I wouldn't want one large enough so that you could stray too far away. You wouldn't think of any such thing would you? But then on the other hand we might get a very large bed and in which we could have a chase as the prelude to our evening together. All right, I'll cut out the fooling but I think it might be fun. One thing I insist on in our home is that the walls be fairly soundproof. Most of the houses nowadays are built so that you can hear the person in the next room breathing. That is one thing I do not like. I like to have privacy.

I spent a very post-CQ morning doing nothing except sorting out some of the junk I am accumulating; every once in a while I get disgusted with the way things look around my shelf and decide to do a little housecleaning. This morning was one of those days. I did get rid of a lot of the stuff. I also inaugurated a new file system using some manila envelopes to store my stuff away in. It should work out well. While I did this—at this stage of the letter I was interrupted by the CQ who is on tonight and he started a conversation which lasted until I realized that it was time for the show. What I started to say was that while I did the housecleaning, one of the fellows in the next tent was in and we had quite a bull session. This continued until I decided to take time out for coffee and doughnuts. While here I did something I usually don't do. I tore a few pages out of a magazine which was laying around there. It was a Life magazine and the pages I tore out contained pictures of skeletons some fellow made to teach anatomical students. There were excellent pictures of the skeletons of a man, a horse, a wolf, a Russian wolfhound, and an opossum.

They will do me more good as reference material than they would have done anyone just laying around the Red Cross. I cut up some of the Yank magazines. I had on hand, taking out the better cartoons and some of the poems from the "Poets Corner" department. I'll send the stuff on to you piecemeal Darling and hope that you can enjoy G.I. humor. There are very few civilians who can enjoy true G.I. humor because they can't look at things the same way. One instance of this is the "Shouldn't" cartoon in Life magazine which showed two of his beguined G.I.s carrying a lot of officers' luggage. One of them is saying "Officers make me want to see the end of the war." To really appreciate this to the fullest extent you have to realize the resentment the average G.I. has toward officers, how he revels in the thought of what is going to happen when he, the G.I., returns to civilian life, makes good, and then is confronted by an ex-officer looking for work. There are several variations and embellishments added by various fellows but this is the basic theme. One, I just want to get back to your ever loving arms, snuggle down there, and concentrate on forgetting all about the army and everything connected with it. The cartoon I have enclosed is one which cashes in on this theme of the enlisted man's feeling toward officers. Do you get the point? If so you can give yourself a score of 100 on your first test on the psychology of the G.I.

That idea I just mentioned of smuggling up in your arms isn't a bad one you know. It has been a very long time since last I felt those arms around me in an embrace. They are such nice embraceful arms too. I can't think of anywhere I'd rather be than right there, for good, my beautiful darling. You are so very lovely and do make the ideal wife. No one could ever so satisfy me as you can. Beautiful blue eyes.

Wednesday evening

Good Evening Honey;

It's very nice to be with you again. I'm sorry to say that once more there was no mail for me. This is about four straight days that the postal service has disappointed me. They are probably holding back all your letters and are planning to turn them all loose at once. I just wish they'd let them come through regularly though because I am very hungry for a letter from you right now. To tell the truth Sweetheart, I am very hungry for you-period. Everything I see ~~see~~ or do makes me think of you, and makes me want to be with you making love to you. I do love you my Darling terrifically.

I have received two New Yorkers and the text book for that history course from U of Michigan. It is quite a good text and they seem to have cut out as much of the extraneous matter as possible and made it a brief and concise study of European history from the ~~the~~ Near East to the Renaissance. This will give me something useful to do with my time. I'll get four credits for the course.

Tonight I saw the picture "Christmas in Connecticut", a picture which made me very homesick for the States. There was plenty of snow in the picture, just like home. There was also mention of various extremely appetizing menus. It was one of the best pictures I have seen in quite a while. With it was a picture called "Fighting Lady", the history of an aircraft carrier in the Pacific which was the best I have yet seen on a subject like this. There was a very grim note introduced at the end when they told of the fliers who had been killed and then ~~there~~ flashed back to the scenes in the film where they had been introduced to the audience. It just seemed such a damned shame that men such as these should

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be needlessly slaughtered in a battle far from their homes,
fighting an enemy they did not know, for very obscure reasons.
They were all very intelligent fellows who we can ill afford to
lose. Ah well, ~~that~~ that's the way it goes. Some people have
the ideas and others die for them.

The further I get into WORLD'S END, the more ab-
sorbing it becomes. It is a very good book and I'm glad I
started to read the series. I'm only halfway through this
one though because I have to read it piecemeal before work,
at noon, and before show time.

It is still raining awfully here although today we
haven't really had an awfull lot. Everything is now thoroughly
soaked and there's dampness in everything, all clothes and
blankets. I did manage to get those clothes I had on the fire
dried out to a considerable degree. Now I'll have another
problem when my laundry comes back this week. I'll have
to air that out under the eaves of the tent I'm afraid.

Ammm! I'm awfully lazy Darling. I don't feel like
doing a thing in the world except just waste away the time
until I am with you once more. All I have of you is pic-
tures and memories. The memories are all so very nice though.
I remember the picnics we went on at that park near your
house, the wonderful evenings we just sat up and made love
until we fell asleep and then you had to wake me up in the
early hours of the morning to send me back to my empty
bed. You were exceedingly cruel young lady. If you had
had any heart at all you would have invited me
to share your bed with you, an invitation which I tried
to talk you into but which you never seemed ready
to extend to me. Aren't you sorry now. Of course if
you had ever done that it would probably have made an

being apart just that much harder to bear but it still would have been very nice. Exceedingly! As it was, we did have some very wonderful times. Our time together I would not change for anything Darling. Those were the nicest times I have ever had but I expect them to be as nothing ~~to~~ compared to our future together. You are so very precious to me Sweet Darling. You're all I ask or expect of life, and I shall be getting much more than I ever hoped for.

Goodnight now Darling. I love you

Always.

Freddie